

## FIGHTING A GRIZZLY

FEARFUL CLOSE RANGE BATTLE BEWEEN HUNTER AND MUNTED.

**A RAIN OF BULLETS THAT ONLY MADE BRAINS MORE FEROCIOUS—THE BEAR KILLED HIS VICTIM BEFORE A DESPERATE SHOT ENDED HIS CAREER.**

They had met by chance in a corner of the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria and had been telling stories which had made the eyes of some of the bell boys bulge. All of the narrators were dressed in evening clothes and to all appearances had never so much as soiled a finger with powder smoke. One had recounted his sporting exploits in the Adirondacks and had told with great gusto how many deer he had shot in one day and how many of his guides had complimented him on his skill. Another said that duck shooting was his special hobby and that he had come clear from Cannes, France, every autumn to kill these birds along Chesapeake bay. There were also stories about the shooting of partridges and grouse, and one member of the group related, with a great many "ands," "thens" and "suddenlys," how he killed three quail. He had just received the applause of his hearers when a lean individual strode into the circle, pulled down his slouch hat another notch and growled:

"Ever hunted grizzlies?"

The voice so nearly imitated a grizzly's growl that it captured the attention of the hunters at once, although none of them answered the newcomer.

"Hope I ain't butting in," said the lean faced man, "but that quail story made me think of an old Ephraim tackled a pair of mine once. As the bear put up a little more fight than a quail would, my pard isn't able to tell what happened, like our friend the bird hunter."

It was plain to see that the group of sportsmen did not welcome the newcomer, yet his last remark aroused their interest despite themselves. Before one of them realized what he was doing he asked:

"Did the bear kill him?"

The question did not evoke a direct reply. It only made the intruder rub his eyes, as if a mist had fallen over them, and then clear his throat before he said:

"I reckon my pard had the most terrible hand-to-hand battle with a silver tip as was ever fought. Before it ended the beast had fifty-four bullets in him. I'll tell you how it happened. Up in the foothills of the Rockies, in the state of Washington, where we had a ranch, some of our cattle got loose, and we started out to find them. There were six of us, and after we had found the trail of the steers and was fording a mountain stream called Teapot creek one of our bronchos began to snort and rear up, as if he was in agony. But he wasn't, or, at any rate, the agony was only mental. The horse had hardly begun to dance when we heard the peculiar growl of the grizzly, which, as you may know, has something of the grunt of a hog.

"And I tell you he was a big fellow. As soon as I saw him I had a touch of thatague which petrifies a man so he can't raise a gun and just lets the beast walk right up and swallow him. Ephraim was standing on his hind legs and eating off the service berries from the bushes. As is the way with these animals, he did not attack us, but just growled, as if to scare us. A grizzly usually does not pick a quarrel, although he is the most ferocious American born beast alive when put on the defensive. I thought all of us were going to leave the brute alone, when one of the party by the name of Alf Kennedy, a cowboy and almost as dangerous as a grizzly when aroused, shouted out:

"No, sir. I'm not going to leave that silver tip insult me that way. If he wants a fight he can have it!"

Kennedy jumped off his horse, because he regarded a man who would shoot from the saddle as a craven. He led his mount to a point about a hundred yards from the bear, turned the horse's head away from the game and then looked at the magazine of his gun to see if it was full. The next moment he fired, and I could see the head of that bear go back as if it had been struck with a bowler. I thought he was a gone, but he wasn't. That brute just doubled up in order to stretch himself out the bigger. He jumped up on a rock, and, getting a good squat at his enemy, he started for him on a lumbering trot.

"Kennedy kept pumping the bullets into the bear as fast as he could pull the trigger, but his fusillade seemed to have no more effect on the critter than if he was shooting with a popgun. All at once we saw him throw down his rifle. He had emptied its magazine. I thought he was going to leap on his horse and dash away, but Kennedy was not that sort of a fellow. He simply stood there, although he must have seen that his horse at the sound of the rifle falling on the rocks had stepped several feet away, making his position still more dangerous. One of us shouted to him to get back near his horse, but Kennedy made no move. He simply pulled out his revolver, one in each hand, and blazed away. But it was useless. Those bullets only increased the anger of the bear and made him bound forward as fast as a mad mastiff. When only eight feet away, a distance so small that he could easily have cleared it with a single bound, the grizzly stood up on his hind legs and folded his fore legs together, as if he had his victim already in his embrace. The cowboy fired the last charge of his revolver into the heart of the animal and at last turned to spring on his horse.

"Just imagine what a sick, suffocating, smothering feeling came over me when I saw that horse bound away

and leave Kennedy standing there alone face to face with that gaping, roaring monster. In utter desperation he threw away his pistol, grabbed up his gun and dealt the beast a blow over the head that would have killed a half dozen men. The force of the impact broke the weapon as if it had been chalk, and the stock snapped with a crack which echoed back from the mountains. Then he drew his knife.

"Until then I had not made a move to help my comrade, because I knew Kennedy would turn and kill me for butting in. He was that kind of a fellow. He wanted all the glory himself. But to hang back now was a crime, I didn't shoot for fear of wounding the cowboy. Instead I snatched a hatchet from my saddle and rushed forward. I heard the other four hunters of the party yell to me to turn back, heard them say the bear would kill me, too, but nothing could have stopped me then. I saw the brute grab Kennedy and could even hear his bones crack in the bear's teeth. The next moment I was there too. But just as I was about to dash the blade of my hatchet into the bear's neck my head reeled. A bullet whizzed past my ear and left a great gaping hole behind the silver tip's ear. With a sputtering sort of groan Ephraim tumbled over on his back. One of the other lads had taken that terrible chance of hitting either Kennedy or myself and, with wonderful aim, had sent the lead to a vital part of the bear. Not till that shot had the beast showed any sign of giving up. He had been hit fifty-four times and had bled by the bucketful, yet he had fought with increased ferocity to the very last. Kennedy was fearfully torn. He must have died an excruciating death."

The man who had shot the quails wasn't smiling any more. The deer slayer and the duck hunter looked at one another and forgot to wink—New York Tribune.

A Quaint Offer of Marriage.

A quaint offer of marriage, written more than 100 years ago, is carefully preserved in the family of the young woos' descendants. It was addressed not to the young woman herself, but most respectfully and decorously to her parents. The father of the "Betsey" referred to had ten daughters, and as he was a clergyman for fifty years in a small New England town it may be surmised that his affirmative answer to spare his "seventh" was as quickly assenting as it was final. The woos' was also a clergyman, and he and his Betsey passed their entire married lives in the same pastorate, ministers of those days living and dying with their flocks. Here is the lover's plea:

Both reverend sir and worthy madam, Soft wedlock's bands first was talked in heaven. When happy man in Eden dwelt alone The loving God a spouse did form of bone. That friendship might their joyful souls inspire And knit their hearts in a seraphic fire. With wedlock chain I wish myself to bind If from your lips the answer should prove kind. Beseech your seventh, I wish you to impart That we may join our hands as well as hearts And live in love and share each other's care. While fleeting time whirls on with rolling years Till grizzly death dissolves the silken chain That we may rise and mingle souls again.

By the Way.

The court crier had a bad cold, so that the duty of making the opening proclamation fell to another court officer, who, as it happened, had never acted as crier. This officer had heard the proclamation often enough and knew it by heart, but this is what happened: The deputy sheriff opened the door and announced "Court". The substitute crier replied on his desk, and within and without the bar those present arose and stood in silence while the judge passed to his place.

Then the substitute began: "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" His voice seemed to him horribly loud, and all recollection of the words to follow suddenly left him, but he pulled himself together and went on bravely, "All persons having anything to do before the honorable justices of the supreme court in the jury season thereof now sitting at Boston within and for the county of Suffolk may draw near and give their attendance, and they shall be heard."

At this point he sat down; but, seeing the judge looking up in surprise, he saw his mistake, and, springing to his feet, he added:

"By the way, gentlemen, God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts."

—Green Bag.

Famous Carved Pulpits.

St. Gudule, the cathedral church of Brussels, has a carved pulpit, representing in carved wood the explosion from paradise. Among the animals are the bear, the dog, cat, eagle, vulture, peacock, owl, dove, ape, etc.

There is an equally fine one in Antwerp cathedral. The decoration is a lavish and striking character, figures, birds and beasts being mixed in artistic profusion. The Church of St. Andrew at Antwerp contains a very elaborately carved wood pulpit, representing the calling of Peter and Andrew.

The figures are of life size, standing in a boat. Beside them is a net with fishes. Winton church, near Salisbury, possesses the finest pulpit in England. It is made of choice marble, beautifully carved. In Worcester cathedral is a pulpit of carved marble, the gift of the late Earl of Dudley. A pulpit which certainly ranks among the finest in the world is that possessed by the Church of St. Mary, Radcliffe, Bristol, England. In the Church of the Holy Name, Oxford street, Manchester, there is a marble pulpit with panels of beautiful mosaics. Each panel contains the portraits of saints worked in Venetian marble.

Erie Railroad.

You ought to know all about it.

Erie booklet, "The Bethesda of the Middle West," on application to the Ticket Agent or D. W. Cooke, General Passenger Agent, New York.

Jackson and Polk.

One of the last earthly things that Jackson did was to read a note from Polk asking his advice about the appointment of certain federal offices in the south. Polk had been in office only a few weeks at the time, and he wanted to get the endorsement of Jackson for his administration. In order to win Jackson's favor Polk was called "Young Hickory" by his admiring friends, but "Old Hickory's" favorite for the nomination in 1844 was Van Buren and not Polk. Jackson was a Texas annexationist, as was Polk, while Van Buren's opposition to annexation was what caused his defeat for the candidacy. Yet personally he preferred Van Buren. Polk, after his inauguration, made war on Francis P. Blair, who edited Jackson's and Van Buren's organ at Washington, the Capital, and thus displeased Jackson, though the latter knew that Blair had been lukewarm toward Polk in the canvass. Blair was forced to get out, and the Capital was changed into the Daily Union, with Ritchie of Richmond as its editor. From the hour of his retirement until his death, through Van Buren's administration and in the opening days of Polk's, Jackson remained an influential figure in the Democratic politics of the time.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Early English Letters.

Probably the first public lottery ever held took place in England in 1567, when 40,000 chances were sold at 10 shillings each, the prizes consisting chiefly of plate and the profits going for the repair of certain harbors. The drawing took place at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. In 1612 another lottery took place at St. Paul's. This was for the benefit of the Virginia company. The highest prize was £1,000, and £20,000 profit was gained. Again, in 1630, a lottery was promoted in order to bring water into London, and after the civil war another lottery helped to replenish an exhausted national exchequer. Private lotteries soon became very common, and, being generally conducted on fraudulent principles, an act of parliament was passed early in the reign of Queen Anne suppressing them as "public nuisances." In 1694 a loan of £1,000,000 was raised by the sale of lottery tickets at £10 each, and in 1710 £1,500,000 was raised by ten pound tickets, each ticket being entitled to an annuity for thirty-two years, the blanks 14 shillings per annum, the prizes varying from £5 to £1,000 per annum.

Old Inns in England.

There is an almost puritanical simplicity about many of the old English inns and alehouses often in keeping with the old world names of their proprietors, as, for example, Amos Gale, Shadrach Meade, Samuel Ward or Mary Ann Mulcock. The names of the inns would require a paper to themselves. The Three Horseheads has for its rival across the road the Four Horseheads. At Peter's Green the sign of the Half Moon nods complacently across the heath to the Bright Star. A favorite name in many a village is derived from the number of bells in the tower of the parish church. Thus there is the Six Bells at St. Michael's, where Lord Bacon lies buried, and Hatfield and Luton have each their Eight Bells. The Bull, the Bell, the Plow, the Rose and Crown, the George and the Dragon, the Red Lion, are old stages to be found everywhere, reminding one of Joseph Addison's delightful essay in the earlier Spectator on the signposts of London, in which he says that "our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans and red lions, not to mention dying pigs and hogs in armor."—London Spectator.

New Hope.

Josie—I was taken for twenty-five today, and I am only eighteen. Julia—What will you be taken for when you are twenty-five? Josie—For better or worse, I hope.

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Josie—I was taken for twenty-five today, and I am only eighteen. Julia—What will you be taken for when you are twenty-five? Josie—For better or worse, I hope.

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